

I LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO BE  
BLIND  
Austin Strong

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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**





Watched over by a training supervisor, this Seeing Eye dog guides his blindfolded instructor around an approaching baby carriage during a practice walk in Morristown, New Jersey.

# I Learned What it Means to be Blind

By **AUSTIN STRONG**

FOR four wintry weeks I was given the basic training which every blind student goes through at The Seeing Eye school. I followed the instructor, his pupils and their extraordinary guides through the frozen streets of Morristown, New Jersey, until at last the great moment came when, at my own request, they consented to give me the supreme test of being led blindfolded through the busy traffic.

They carefully prepared me for my solo flight by inviting me to spend a quiet week end, in the snow-bound seclusion of a wooded farm beside a still lake, and here I was blindfolded for five hours in the peace of the hospitable house of the executive vice-president.

When we sat down to dinner, I was told to take a last look at the knives, forks and spoons in front of me and mentally to photograph the position of the salt cellar, pepper, sugar bowl and hutter plate. The black sleeping mask was then fitted over my eyes and, presto, I was dangling over a bottomless pit. I became aware

of a stranger taking charge of the controls within, a busy unknown self quietly bringing order out of chaos. The sudden switching off of sight throws the whole human telegraphic system back on a well-prepared emergency plan. I was aware that the muscles responded hesitatingly at first as the extra load was thrown on the nervous system. Concentrating on every gesture was very tiring and it took all my will power to submit to the test.

Without my knowing it, my hostess had quietly slipped a plate of food in front of me.

"Imagine your plate the dial of a clock," she said. "Your rice at three o'clock, your roast meat at six, while your coffee cup is just beyond two o'clock."

I found eating difficult; my mouth never seemed to be in the same place twice. Locating the butter with my knife and spreading it on an invisible and wallowy slice of bread completely baffled me. Butter offers so little resistance that it is almost impossible to judge the exact quantity on the end of a knife. Pie is easy for

PHOTOGRAPHY BY YLLA

## A Disturbing Experience . . .

The famous Seeing Eye is training dogs to be provided, at no expense to the Government, to members of the armed forces who have lost their sight in the war. The institution requested Austin Strong, noted author and playwright, to be one of its spokesmen. To acquaint himself with every phase of the work, Mr. Strong studied at The Seeing Eye school and, after training, walked blindfolded with a dog through heavy traffic. He tells, in the following article, of a thrilling and disturbing experience.

—The Editors.

anyone with a graphic sense. I was instructed to take the wide part of the triangle between finger and thumb, hold it down on the plate with the point aimed toward me and then eat my way in with my fork.

"You are being let off easy," said one of the guests. "Lucky you were not given poached eggs to manipulate."

After dinner, I was told to follow my host's voice. I rose, completely lost, feeling curiously invisible in a black void. I followed the voice to a comfortable sofa as the others joined us and the conversation became general. When you sit blindfolded, trying to imagine what it must be like to be bereft of sight, it is a soul-shaking experience, and my admiration grew for the instructors who have to wear the blindfold for the entire first month of their training.

The following morning I sat beside the supervisor of training as he drove me into Morristown for the final ordeal. He told me that I was to work with a boxer, for The Seeing Eye uses boxers and Labrador retrievers as well as German shepherds in its work.

We drove into a large gloomy garage where a man and a dog stood waiting for me. The man took me by the wrist and gently placed my gloved hand on the boxer's head.

"Arno," said the instructor in a confidential voice, "this is Mr. Austin Strong from New York."

I looked down into a liquid, appraising eye.

"Arno," he continued, "Mr. Strong will be your temporary master. He has been asked to come to Morristown to study The Seeing Eye for a month, so he can go about the country talking for us. You must be very nice to him."

"Oh, for barking out loud!" was all we seemed to get, as Arno led me obediently up and down the big garage to get acquainted. He walked dutifully at my left side with a springing, bouncing step, his face that of a heavyweight champion, his muscles rippling under his smooth brown skin; on tiptoe with vitality and strength, yet remote and impersonal as a motor cop.

The instructor then handed me a U-shaped harness and told me to put it on Arno. Kneeling, with one glove between my teeth, I struggled, stiff-fingered, with icy buckles and succeeded in putting it on upside down. The dog said nothing, but sighed and stood in polite but haughty silence while I puffed and tugged, setting right the complicated rig.

"Now put him through his routine."

This was the daily drill the blind student must give his dog to maintain discipline. I dropped the leather harness and, holding Arno loosely at long leash, I gave the commands which I had been so carefully taught.

"Arno!" I said briskly. "Sit!"

Arno collapsed neatly on his haunches, like a folding steamer chair.

"Arno, lie down!"

Arno sank smoothly to the ground, his paws straight before him. I was told to throw one of my gloves in front of me. Instantly, Arno sprang forward, delicately picked it up, ran around my right side and coming up behind my left sat down and gently placed the glove in my hand. I was told to put enthusiasm in my reward.

"Arno, that's a good boy," I said as I patted him, but the dog ignored me, taking my praise as a conductor takes his fare.

"Now put him at rest," said the instructor.

"Arno, rest!" I commanded.

Arno froze instantly, immovable as a statue, not a whisker twitching. I dropped the leash and backed away from him, holding up a warning finger in the prescribed manner. Arno did not flick an ear as he watched me squeeze backward through the tiny door in the big portals of the garage. I stood outside on the snow-covered sidewalk and peered back to find Arno at attention, stiff as a grenadier on parade.



feet from the shore, both ships grounded and action flared. The engineers began throwing doughnuts over the side, but the Seabees were doing tricks. As their ship had begun to ground, the men on the pontoon strings cut them loose and allowed them to drive on toward the beach without losing momentum. The forward end of one string was run up into two-foot water. Then the Seabees pulled a second trick. The stern end of the second pontoon string had a line on it from the LST, and by hauling this line, the Seabees lengthened their pontoon slide rule until the second string was pulled back to the LST ramp and made fast. Where the two strings overlapped, they were quickly clamped together.

In just seven minutes after the Seabee LST had grounded, a huge antitank gun charged off the ship, crossed the fourteen-foot-wide steel causeway, waded the shallow water and reached the beach.

"Army and Navy officers seldom gasp," said Captain Laycock, "but we all gasped at that demonstration. We knew that we had a surprise for the Germans."

That was March 18, 1943. Within twenty-four hours a trainload of pontoons pulled out of Davisville, Rhode Island. Great piles of these gray steel boxes accumulated along the North African Coast. Day and night, picked platoons of Seabees practiced the trick of driving the heavy strings ashore. It was like a locomotive shunting cars into a siding. Ninety-six 175-foot pontoon strings were assembled—each string two pontoons wide by thirty pontoons long—requiring a total of 5760 pontoons. For transportation to the landing scenes Rear Adm. Richard L. Conolly, commanding American landing craft in Africa, thought that the strings should be slung on the sides of the LST's rather than towed, and this method was tried. Then, on the July night when history's greatest armada set sail for Sicily, the pontoon causeways went first. Some of them were being towed by tugs; others were carried by LST's in the new side-carry manner.

Next morning German pilots looked down on the southern beaches and rubbed their eyes. What couldn't happen was happening. Standing 500 feet out in the water, the fat American craft were disgorging vehicles by the hundreds. As fast as one LST was unloaded, the Seabees would unfasten the causeway and swing it around to a waiting ship. Over these smooth steel causeways which looked like Detroit assembly lines, one Seabee detachment unloaded a total of 11,500 vehicles.

When Gen. Sir Bernard Law Montgomery stepped from his landing boat, a photographer grabbed the picture. "A picture for history," the photographer said: "General Montgomery setting foot on Sicily."

But Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten corrected him. "The general is not setting foot on Sicily," Mountbatten pointed out. "He is setting foot on one of these miraculous American pontoons."

When Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army stole a march on the enemy on the Anzio-Nettuno beach-head, about thirty miles south of Rome, the path was smoothed by this pontoon causeway.



Regarded by foe as impossible, Licata landing was solved long before—at Narragansett Bay.

After the Sicilian invasion, the Seabees labored to improve their causeway technique. The towing method was discarded for the side-carry method. This side-carry is accomplished by welding interlocking brackets on the ship and along one edge of the causeway. Then the causeway is picked up, the brackets are interlocked, and the causeway is leaned on its edge against the side of the LST and secured.

This technique allows the whole convoy to move faster. When the LST's arrive three or four miles off the invasion beach, men with axes stand along the decks and, at a signal, they cut the ropes, and the causeways hit the water with a great splash. Seabees then maneuver the two strings into the slide-rule position along one side of the LST, and the ship starts its run toward the beach. The LST grounds at full speed, and the causeways, with a terrific way on, stream on to the beach to be rigged with almost no loss of time. It's the slickest trick of the war.

The Seabees who ride these plunging causeways through a heavy surf with bombs, shells and mines exploding around them are a tough breed. Unarmed and with no cover, they are as exposed as frogs on a flat rock. At Salerno and Anzio the Germans were expecting the causeways, so we suffered casualties from countermeasures. By concentrating on the causeways, German bombardiers were able to break some of them. Going in at Salerno, the causeway ridden by Lt. Carl M. Olson and his platoon struck a mine, and Lieutenant Olson and several of his men were killed. A Civil

Engineer Corps officer from St. Paul, Minnesota, Lieutenant Olson was probably the first American officer killed in the land assault on the European continent. Many more of the 300 Seabees who rode pontoons at Salerno were killed, and forty-two others have been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds. But despite such casualties, these naval bronco-busters unloaded 190 LST's at Salerno, and did even better at Anzio.

The causeway has vastly complicated the German defense problem. Before we had it, there were long reaches of the European coast line which the Germans could leave unprotected. Nature alone would keep us away, and the Germans could concentrate at the favorable beaches. But with the causeway we can land almost anywhere.

Yet the causeway is the magic pontoon in only one of its resultant forms. Assemble the pontoons in a second combination, include an outboard propulsion unit, and you get a self-propelled barge. Use a third pattern, and you get a floating dry dock. A fourth pattern gives you a seaplane ramp; a fifth, a pier; a sixth, a buoy. New useful combinations are still being discovered, and each combination is contributing to victory, as we shall explain subsequently.

In their first Pacific role, the pontoon causeways played a brave part in the victory at Kwajalein in the Marshalls. There, as at most atolls, the landing problem was the coral shelf which surrounds the islets. Water depth on these shelves varies with the tides, and uncharted coral "heads" along the shelves are a further hazard for the charging LST's. No one can be certain just where the big landing craft will grind to a halt, but the adjustable causeways insure us against delay, whatever happens.

A flanking maneuver at Kwajalein islet saved the life of many an Attu veteran of the Army's 7th Division. Before the 7th assaulted Kwajalein itself, heavy howitzers were landed first on Carlson islet, which lies two miles off the northwest end of Kwajalein. This landing was accomplished early on D-Day when Lt. Comdr. Jack McGarahan, CEC, USNR, of Eureka, California, and his Seabee detachment laid a causeway against Carlson. With the causeway and amphibious tractors to supply the guns, artillerymen began blasting the Jap positions on Kwajalein and were able to provide close cover for the assault troops.

After positions had been secured on Kwajalein, the Seabees went into the lagoon, laid four causeways against the islet, and unloaded the heavy equipment for repairing the air strip. One of the LST's hung on a coral head so far out in the lagoon that it could be unloaded only by a ferry technique. Using a 175-foot string as the ferry over 500 feet of water, the Seabees would haul the string back to the LST ramp with a winch, load it with vehicles, then haul the string clear on the beach with a bulldozer. This method, as old as the back-country river ferry, (Continued on Page 66)

Seabees repair war's havoc on Attu, assemble pontoon sections for construction of barges.







Austin Strong and Arno, who took him unscathed through dangerous traffic.



Student at The Seeing Eye school descends confidently, knowing she can trust man's—and woman's—best friend.



The dogs learn to retrieve, as this one has just done with a dropped glove.

"Arno, come!"

He sprang through the door, came smartly to my left side and sat down. The instructor then showed me how to hold the U-shaped handle loosely in my left hand, with the leash held lightly between my index and middle fingers. "All right," said he, "you are in command. Away you go!"

I had expected to be led slowly up the sidewalk ahead of us with the dignity due my age and station. No such luck. Away we went like bats out of hell, as Arno had the strength of a young locomotive, and I followed, careening after him like a flapping Donald Duck. I then saw the wisdom of trying me out first with my eyes open, otherwise I would have been scared out of seven years' growth. Somehow I managed to keep close to him at the correct distance until we got each other's gait.

Arno kept a straight course in the exact center of the sidewalk until we came to the street corner. Here he stopped and sat on the very edge of the curb.

I panted his reward, "Th—that's a good boy!"

I was told that a dog, like a child, lives for the encouraging word. If you are halfhearted in giving these rewards, it will show up immediately; a slack master means a slack dog sooner or later.

"Arno, forward!"

He led me swiftly across the street, sitting down at the opposite curb. I made the exaggerated motion with my foot as I felt for the curb and praised him again; away we flew, weaving through the busy and preoccupied citizens of Morristown, who scarcely no-

ticed us, so accustomed are they to the sight of these dogs leading their helpless masters.

It was thrilling to watch Arno lead me, untouched, through a wild mob of racing children exploding at recess from school and to see how skillfully he would skim me through a group of frail old ladies whom we had overtaken on the sidewalk. We wafted through them, not even disturbing their gentle conversation.

On the way home in the station wagon I flattered Arno shamelessly, comparing him to all the great dogs of history. I praised his good looks, his superb strength, his skill. He took it all with complete indifference, and I was crestfallen.

After lunch the great moment came for which I had been so carefully prepared. The supervisor, who walks with the quick sure tread of a shepherd dog, came silently into the office, removing his tiny beret.

"Mr. Strong," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "you will please go to your room and put on your warm things again. You will then sit huddled for ten minutes until I come for you."

I trotted off obediently to put on my sweat shirt, leather jacket, overcoat and high boots, and then squeezed myself into an armchair to wait, feeling like an overstuffed Teddy bear. I tied the large sleeping mask over the upper part of my face, pulling the flaps of my nifty ski cap down over my ears. I wondered why they insisted I should sit for ten long minutes, hot and alone in blackest limbo, but I had learned that The Seeing Eye has a sound reason for everything they do, so I waited patiently, staring into oblivion.

As I sat there I remembered the words of a broad-shouldered student with a straight back and a face at peace. The night before, he spoke to me in a calm low voice, telling me of his ordeal as if it had happened to someone else.

"After the accident, when I realized my eyes were gone, I lay there on the ground and thought of my wife. She's quiet, like me. I think maybe she has caught some of my quiet. I lay there and figured that in times like these a woman needs a man's strength. I realized that I had to get on top of this at once, so as not to let her down. Well, she took it, as I thought she would, without flinching, without a quaver in her voice. If she hadn't, I guess I'd have gone plumb crazy. We helped each other stand up to it; she's steady as a rock, and that's what holds me together. I sure am a lucky man."

To my relief I was brought back to the present by the sound of quick footsteps coming as if from another country. It was the supervisor of the training. "You will follow my voice, please," he said.

I rose and slowly followed that impersonal, yet curiously comforting voice along corridors, across an empty recreation room, and then gently, step by step, down a yawning well of carpetless stairway, without the aid of the banister.

The voice spoke again, "Now you will walk straight ahead of you across the hall to the front door."

I started out confidently, when, to my dismay, I bumped into a tall smooth column which I could have sworn was not there

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Like Vicky, nine out of ten dogs that guide the sightless are German shepherds.



When about a year old, these two shepherd puppies will start the training that fits them for their merciful calling.



Arno looks up expectantly at his master for the praise that he knows is due.





# Shiloh John

By **GEORGE AGNEW  
CHAMBERLAIN**

FOR nine months out of twelve, the fair grounds looked a wreck, then early in May there would be a lot of hammering, patching and sloshing, and of a sudden the buildings and fences would bloom into a new coat of shining whitewash. Truckloads of hay and feed would come rolling in, and hard after them the trotters and pacers. Not the lords and ladies of the Grand Circuit, but aged campaigners, jug heads, ringers and hopeful third-raters, out to snatch the lean pickings from such pumpkin meets as this. Wire-mended gear and shaky bikes—sulkies to you, stranger—would be the order of the day, matching hard driving against hard luck to split a measly purse three ways. But the betting tent would be going full blast and horse-bug victims would line the rail as thick as starlings on a wire.

Just inside the gate came the stock pens and solemn farm exhibits, then the grandstand, then the midway, and far back of that the stables, known as barns. There were two rows of them that almost met at a slant, and at the broad end of the triangle thus formed nestled the farrier's shop under a huge oak. In front of it, well out in the open and free to everybody, a big iron pot was set to boil over a smoldering fire. The hour was six in the evening, that peaceful interlude when horses munch, drivers gossip and the lowly swipe dreams of rolling the bones for a main. A girl in a sports shirt and dungarees sat on her heels near the fire, playing a lonely game of mumblety-peg. Between groans of despair at the bad shots and grunts of satisfaction over the good ones, she would glance anxiously toward the blacksmith shop, where her great-granddad was cheating himself out of a hot supper to set a last shoe.

She stiffened as a soft voice roped her from behind, "Over the left ear comes next, and I'll give you five to one you flop."

Two old campaigners of the fair grounds—one a horse, the other a man—get themselves into some tight spots in this humorous story of the track.

She whirled on her knees and beheld a lop-eared nag hitched to a road cart that trailed a rubber-tired bike. Sharing the seat of the cart with a bed roll sat a boy in a skimpy jacket and driving pants. He had the sleepiest eyes she had ever seen, with long eyelashes that worked up and down as slowly as the wings on a fanning butterfly. But when they opened, it was like seeing blue sky through a funnel of cloud, and it made her sore. What right had a boy to such eyes with such a fringe?

"In what?" she demanded. "Money or buttons?"

"Nickels or dimes," he offered; "take your choice."

"Dimes!"

She held the lobe of her left ear, thrust her right hand through the crook of her elbow, and a glimmer flew high. It wasn't fair. Shiloh John had made that knife, tempered steel anchored to a short bone handle. Give it such a chance and the blade was sure to win.

He took off the nose bag and with its strap started flicking Lop-Ear's forelegs, low down.





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one the impression of being faultlessly dressed.

We were soon landed in the busy center of the shopping district, surrounded by hurrying footsteps and voices. I heard snow shovels clearing the pavements, snatches of hurried conversations; a sleeve brushed my hand and I heard a cross voice discussing her ration points, and the jolly traffic cop hailed me as an old friend. It is an eerie feeling to go whizzing through invisible pedestrians without touching them, to be a part of them and so far away from them.

Arno, with professional skill, twisted and flipped me past unseen dangers as I followed him confidently with a heart at rest, for by that time I had perfect faith in my rod and staff. Suddenly he stopped and sat down. I felt about with my foot and found I was on the edge of the curb. We stood together, waiting for the traffic to stop. Sudden silence told me the red light was on, and I gave the order, "Arno, forward!"

I was led smartly through pitch blackness until Arno stopped again, waiting for me to feel the opposite curb. I stepped up on the sidewalk, gave him his reward with real gratitude, and away we flew. My mind was so occupied following Arno correctly, careful to hold the handle of the harness with a relaxed grip and not to overrun him, that I forgot all about being in the dark.

The great moment came when I least expected it. The roots of my hair still tingle at the memory of being sent out against the lights into the busy traffic. We came to a corner of the square where the main highway sweeps into Morris-town. I heard Army trucks and commercial trucks roaring on their way to Philadelphia from New York. We stood waiting for the sudden silence which would tell us the red lights were on, when again the unexpected happened.

The voice spoke in my ear from behind, "You will disregard the signals and give Arno the order to cross when I tap you on the shoulder from behind."

My courage ran out of me like water from a jug and I stood quaking. No use to tell myself that the supervisor wouldn't let me get hurt. I was good and scared. Just when the heavy traffic reached a crescendo, sounding like monsters on parade, the finger of fate touched my shoulder.

"Arno," I said, with the courage of a mouse, and paused to swallow. "Forward!"

Arno led me very slowly seven steps out among the dragons. I kept very close to him as he slowed down and came to a stop. Arno stood without moving, and I stood beside him, scarcely breathing. He must have pulled me slightly to one side, for my left ear was turned to the traffic. This so confused me that I kept thinking Arno had led me around the corner to a side street by mistake.

What I did not like at all was the soft whispering sounds, "Pfft, pfft, pfft!" as passenger cars sped past my cheek.

"Arno, forward!" I commanded, but Arno disobeyed my order, as he had been taught to do, standing still as a church while we waited on the tissue-paper edge of disaster. Imagination ran riot, multiplying the dangers a thousandfold. I thought of Morris Frank, the young blind boy from Tennessee who was the first to cross an American street with a Seeing Eye guide. He stepped off a steamer from Europe with his famous dog Buddy and was dared by the reporters, then and there, to cross West Street in the days when there were no traffic lights on that wide water-front avenue of racing trucks. Frank had been taught in a small town in Switzerland and neither he nor Buddy had ever tackled such a terrific hazard. But he did it, following Buddy, who had to wait minutes at a time to steer his master safely through that two hundred feet of hurtling traffic. My little experience gave me real appreciation of his heroic act, the very thought of which makes my hair stand on end, for with nothing but naked, unsheathed courage, he took the dare. If he had failed, there would have been no Seeing Eye.

At last sudden silence fell like a benediction and Arno led me briskly to the safe harbor of the opposite sidewalk.

"Was I on a side street?" I called to the supervisor, trying to keep a casual voice.

"No," said the voice close behind me, "you were right out in the middle of the main traffic. We wanted to show you how the dogs disobey your orders if they would lead you into danger."

"How close were those cars?"

"A foot or more from your face."

Suddenly, the full realization of what had happened hit me. It was as if my insides had been pulled out like elastic bands far beyond their limit, and then snapped back into position. I had been led safely through disaster by an animal. I understood in a small degree what a

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## Remember when you had a cold

(Your regular smokes tasted like the deuce)



## Someone dealt you a pack of KOOLS

## If they suited you so well then

(When your throat was raw)



## Don't be the "dummy"...why not smoke 'em all the time?

## Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS for good!



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose it'll be better if we take the muzzle off and let him go back to biting again!"



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blind student goes through when he finds for the first time that he can put all his faith in his guide, trusting his life with perfect confidence to a new pair of vigilant eyes and ears.

We walked the rest of our appointed course gaily and returned to the waiting station wagon, where I was told to give Arno a big reward. I knelt in the snow and thanked Arno for a beautiful and terrifying experience, while Arno yawned and sneezed, taking it all as part of the day's work. Or did he? On our way home, still shaken, I made Arno a heartfelt speech of gratitude, until the driver told me he was sound asleep at my feet. I subsided, crestfallen, feeling a bit like an unrequited lover. But when at last we turned into the main driveway, the unexpected happened again. Suddenly I

felt two paws placed lightly on my knee and a cool clean tongue licked my face under the mask. I felt immensely flattered and a trifle pixilated.

My experience gave me a little understanding of what a dog must mean to those in darkness.

It is seldom in a prosaic world that we hear pure poetry. I had been following a heavy-set colored woman, born blind, who was having a difficult time keeping her head up as she stumbled along after her young guide, for the tendency of some sightless men and women is to walk with bowed heads, so heavy is their burden.

For two weeks I had watched her as she floundered along the sidewalks, trying awkwardly to catch the rhythm of her eager young dog. I felt for her and was very dubious that she would ever make the grade. But on the fourteenth day the

miracle happened, as it usually does, on schedule time. The great moment came when she and her dog clicked and became a triumphal unit, co-ordinating smoothly together. I watched her stepping out, anxiety wiped from her face, beaming with confidence, speeding in perfect unison with her partner through the streets of Morristown, the dog waving his plumed tail proudly. I could see the girl's lips were moving as if she were reciting some litany. As luck would have it, we ran into each other at the next corner. She came toward me with a radiant face, head up and shoulders squared. I stood aside to let her pass, and couldn't help hearing the words she was repeating under her breath, over and over again, as she sped after her young leader.

"Fly on, my wings, fly on!" she chanted. "Fly on, my wings!"

## WHAT IS OUR FUTURE IN ASIA?

(Continued from Page 17)

therefore fails to prepare us to shoulder these obligations.

The obligations which we have already assumed in the Pacific area are one form of power politics, for the postwar regime in the Far East outlined at the Cairo conference is based upon power politics. The United States and the British Empire pledged themselves to underwrite the future of relatively defenseless Asiatic nations, a pledge which is predicated at present only upon American and British military power. Soviet Russia has put off the clarification of its own position in Asia until after the war in Europe is ended.

Today, we are hopeful that Soviet Russia and the British Empire will cooperate wholeheartedly with us in respecting Chinese territorial integrity and in keeping the Japanese bound to their islands and in guiding Korea through a

period of tutelage leading to eventual independence. But it is well to remember that in 1922 we also were hopeful that we had settled the future of the Far East at the Washington conference, when we induced the Japanese to join in the Nine-Power Treaty not to infringe upon Chinese territory. We made the mistake then of believing that this agreement would not require the use of American military power, and we even reduced our already inadequate military establishment in the Pacific.

We have only ourselves to blame if we make that mistake again, for the Japanese, no matter how thoroughly they are beaten and disarmed, are a military nation, more skilled in the arts of war than the Chinese. China will emerge from the present war virtually defenseless, and we have no assurance that she will be able to protect herself, much less administer other countries in the Far East. China does not possess the necessary military and economic power, and she cannot possess such power for a long time to come.

Our projected postwar regime in Asia can be maintained, therefore, only through

firm agreement among the great powers with primary interests in the Pacific area—namely, the United States, Soviet Russia and the British Empire. In the last analysis, that regime can be assured only if the American people are willing to support powerful military and naval units in the Pacific for an indefinite period, and to exert this power to enforce the obligations we have assumed.

These Asiatic commitments of ours are not so recent as some Americans think, because they date, not from the Cairo conference but from the beginning of this century, when the United States Government took the lead in initiating the open-door policy in China, and in persuading European imperialist nations to endorse that policy and to accept our view that Chinese territorial integrity should be respected.

At that time, several European nations coveted portions of Chinese territory, and the Chinese, then as now, were unprepared to defend themselves unaided. The American Government had shrewd reasons for endorsing the open-door and integrity-of-China policies, seeking thus to prevent trade monopolies by other nations. Popular support for these policies came not only from American traders but also from American missionaries in China who invoked our emotional sympathies for the Chinese people.

But we soon learned that such agreements could be enforced only by the use of military power, and the American people proved unready and unwilling to use their military power for this purpose. During the Boxer uprising in 1900, several nations occupied various portions of China, and after the uprising was suppressed, our Government exerted its influence to induce them to withdraw.

Czarist Russia, however, ignored its pledge to withdraw from Manchuria, and it even brought pressure upon the weak and ineffectual Chinese government for additional concessions. After Russia had evaded President Theodore Roosevelt's emphatic protests, our Secretary of State, John Hay, mournfully remarked: "I take it for granted that Russia knows that we will not fight over Manchuria, for the simple reason that we cannot." Mr. Hay correctly sensed that the American people, despite their approval of the open-door policy, were not willing to fight for it.

However, one country was willing to wage war against Russia over Manchuria, and that country was Japan. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out in 1904, Japan was assured of the indirect support of the United States as well as the active support of Great Britain, to whom she was bound by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; and this Anglo-American support helped the Japanese to win that war.

But this victory did not settle the question of upholding the open door  
(Continued on Page 63)

## YOU SAID IT JUDGE-



Beneath a judge's stately black robe there often beats the heart of a frustrated wit, philosopher or poet. Here is some intriguing evidence, culled from court decisions.

"The character of the plaintiff is attacked for credibility, and testimony is given by an expert physician that she is a lunatic of the type known as a paranoiac. It is explained that the effect of this special type of malady is a mania for litigation and an ungovernable desire and anxiety to be successful. It would appear that this species of lunacy or mania is more common among attorneys than among litigants."

(BATEMAN V. RYDER, 1901,  
106 Tenn. 712)

CULLED BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

"It is extremely difficult to draw the line on a drunk. There are various stages, such as quarter drunk, half drunk and dead drunk. There are the stages of being vivacious, foxy, tipsy, and on a 'high lonesome,' and it is as difficult to tell when a man has taken enough alcoholic stimulant to pass the line between 'jolly sober' and 'gentlemanly drunk' as it is to determine when a young lady gets to be an old maid."

(EX PARTE TOWNSEND, 1911,  
46 Tex. Cr. Rep. 350)

"One cannot imagine a silent barber."

(PETTE, J., in  
VANN V. CASCIELLO,  
N.Y.L.J., Dec. 7, 1935)

"The size of a locomotive is regulated by the tonnage to be hauled and not by its capacity to knock animals off the track."

(BARBER V. LA. RY. AND  
NAV. CO., 1917,  
La., 76 So. 199)

"The evidence tended to show that 'acute gastritis' might mean 'bellyache.'"

(BILLINGS V. METRO. LIFE  
INS. CO., 1897,  
70 Vt. 477)

## A Short story

Reading Time: 2 Minutes



Now he's known as

### Cheery Bill!



HOW DID HE DO IT?

### He Found New Ease with these MACDEES!



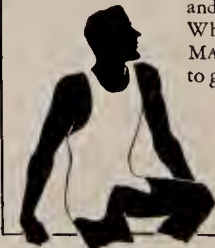
THE SHORT WITH SUPPORT

NO more weary feeling on the job for Bill. The patented CANTILEVER SUPPORT of his MACDEES gives him a lift at the vital zone—gentle but firm. This combats fatigue... conserves his energy! And the adjustable waistband with elastic insert fits snug and smooth. MACDEES' soft yarns are close-knit for extra wear, too... for luxurious comfort that really puts a man at ease!

For support, for comfort, stock up on MACDEES at your local dealer's today. Briefs and Mid-lengths.

## AND HERE'S A Shirt story

NO CREEP, NO BUNCH, NO BIND when you wear the KUT-UPS undershirt. The patented vent feature makes it stay smooth and tucked in whether you sit, stand, walk or run. Its soft, absorbent yarns protect your suit and shirt against perspiration, too... protect you against getting chilled and catching colds. When you go in for MACDEES, be sure to get KUT-UPS, too!



NO CREEP  
NO BUNCH  
NO BIND

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